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# LASHBACK

erving the Past for the Future

Volume 47 August 1997 Number 3

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WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

**Washington County Historical Society**
118 East Dickson Street, Fayetteville, AR 72701

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**Cover photo:** "Oldest graduates of the University of Arkansas," J. C. Massie, Vol Walker, and Charles Watson, as they appeared in the *Fayetteville Daily Democrat* June 12, 1930. *Photograph from Washington County Historical Society photo files in Shiloh Museum of the Ozarks, Springdale.*

# FLASHBACK

Preserving the Past for the Future

**Volume 47** **August 1997** **Number 3**

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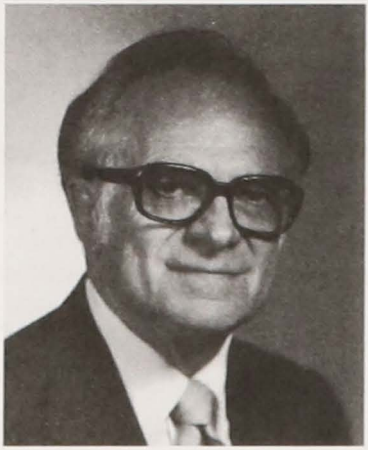
# A Bombardier's Diary

*by Peter Harkins*

(This story first appeared in the May 30, 1984 edition of *The Grapevine*, Fayetteville, Arkansas.)

Few of us think of history as history while we live it. Fortunately, A. D. McAllister, Jr., Fayetteville attorney, was one of those few. He kept a diary of his experiences as a B-24 bombardier during World War II.

Keeping the diary wasn't an immediate decision, made the moment he finished training and landed in England with his fellow crewmen in November, 1944. Perhaps the significance of what he was experiencing didn't dawn on him until his ship, the "Back To the Sack," had completed four bombing missions over Germany. In any event, the first entry in his leather bound pocket-size diary is dated January 1, 1945, and it reads:



**A. D. McAllister, Jr.**
**Fayetteville Attorney**

*"I have decided to make this a one year diary of experiences in the European Theatre of Operations. To date we have only four combat missions to our credit for being operational since December 1, 1944: #1 Coblenz, Dec. 4, light flak; #2 Hanau, December 11, meager flak; #3, Kaiserlauten, December 28, lots of flak, but none at us; #4 Remagen, December 31, no flak, but a runaway prop forced us to leave the formation early. We all agreed it was bad to have to 'sweat out' fuel as well as flak. We didn't fly today so we attended ground school. We will go for number 5 tomorrow."*

Perhaps it was that runaway engine and the touch and go return journey to base the evening of December 31 that caused 23-year-old A. D. McAllister of Fayetteville, Arkansas, to begin thinking of how tenuous a lease on life a bombardier had. Perhaps it was January 1st, New Year's Day, a traditional holiday, a fun day back home, that caused memories of Fayetteville to well up in him. Perhaps it was the realization that in about five months he would be a father. His wife, Virginia, was back home in Texas expecting their first born. And perhaps A.D. McAllister, Jr., came to grips for the first time with the realization that he might not come back from one of these runs into Germany. If so, there should be some record of what he thought, what he felt . . . something to pass on to the child waiting to be born and who might never have anything to know of him if he didn't write it down. Or perhaps it was the reaction of a dutiful son, responding to the hint from home contained on the fly leaf of the diary: *"Merry Christmas, 1944, Mother and Dad."*

**A. D. McAllister, Jr.**
**Air Corps Bombardier**

There is a charming ingenuousness flavoring the diary which conjures up a picture of a Norman Rockwell kind of American boy who, not once in all these pages, ever questioned the grisly duty he was asked to perform.

There are comments about British kindnesses, British price gouging, food shortages, thoughts of home, dried eggs for breakfast most mornings but real eggs on the morning of a mission.

The January 2nd entry: *"Out to the ship at 7 a.m. after*

**Original crew members of "Back to the Sack" B-24: back row, left to right: A. D. McAllister, Jr., bombardier; Dean E. Peterson, D/R navigator; James R. C. Cook, pilot; and Edward F. Slowick, co-pilot. Front row, John P. Delaney, engineer; Franklin A. Halferty, waist gunner; Joseph A. Rodriguez, radio operator; Garland E. Flinn, waist gunner; Howard W. Ivey, nose gunner; and *Richard McAdams, tail gunner. (Not shown, but would fly on assigned lead and/or deputy lead missions: *Ernest J. Hudgens, engineer; *Frank P. Lau, pilotage navigator; Harvey B. Nachman, radar navigator; Lester F. Miller, command pilot; and Dick Grace, command pilot.) *_known deceased_**

*a 5:30 a.m. briefing, but fog moved in and the mission was 'scrubbed.' I'll list the names of the boys in the crew now, for I'll be making references to them throughout."*

McAllister then lists the ten and at the end of the list notes: *"About seven Scotch Irishmen, a Pole, a Mexican and a Swede."*

All the men except the navigator, Dean Peterson, had been assigned to the crew by "Topside." The pilot of the crew, Jim Cook, (ex adagio dancer and iron pumper) had been allowed to select his own navigator. He select-

ed Peterson, he explained to McAllister "because the Swedes are a seafaring race and so they're natural navigators." He also asked A.D. if he were Scotch Irish, as his name suggested. When McAllister said yes, the pilot replied, "Then we'll get along fine because I'm Scotch-Irish too."

It was a by guess and by gosh approach to crew selection, says McAllister today, 39 years later, but it was as good as the air corps policy of slapping men into crews, willy-nilly in alphabetical order or something, whether their personalities might fit or clash or what. It's amazing how successfully it seemed to work out.

A.D. can't remember exactly but he knows that at least three members of the crew were ex-infantrymen, including the pilot, Jim Cook. The tail gunner, sergeant Richard McAdams, had served a brief time as a walking soldier and McAllister himself had been an infantryman for over a year.

McAllister was a senior at the University, due to graduate in June, 1942, and planning to go to law school when Pearl Harbor was bombed. He tells of how R.O.T.C. Commandant, A.A. Davis, informed the student cadets that all those with "C" averages or better would be allowed to graduate without having to take finals and would be given second lieutenant commissions if they would go in service at once. McAllister accepted the offer and was assigned to the 102nd Infantry Division at Anniston, Alabama on June 1, 1942.

Then he was transferred for more training first to Paris, Texas, where he met his future wife, then to Fort Benning, Georgia, and it was there he made the decision to transfer to the Air Corps.

As he tells it today, his platoon had just returned from a 15-mile hike in full pack and were told to report to a hillside overlooking a staging area where an infantry

exercise would be held and coordinated with air corps support.

"I was sitting beside the company personnel officer and as the planes flew over in precise formation, the officer said, you see those guys up there? They didn't get up at 4 a.m., eat powdered eggs and soggy potatoes, put on full pack and hike fifteen miles. They laid in bed until ten, got up, strolled to the officer's club, had their breakfast eggs any way they liked 'em, motored out to the field, climbed in the ships, flew 'em over here and they'll be all done twenty minutes from now and back at the officer's club having a cocktail."

"That," says A. D. McAllister today, "is when I decided to transfer to the air corps."

McAllister was assigned to Fort Benning Infantry school in February, 1943, put in for transfer that summer, married Virginia Porter in Blossom, Texas, on September 1, 1943, and received his transfer to the Air Corps in October, 1943.

After a series of medical and technical exams, McAllister was told he could not make pilot but could make bombardier and/or navigator. He moved thence from air corps base to air corps base in the States, receiving various stages of training to ply his trade and finally wound up at Westover Field in Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, where he was to receive his final aerial fine tuning as bombardier, was assigned as a member of a B-24 crew and shipped, via the *Ile de France*, to his duty station at the airdrome in Seething, England. On the ship with the new air crews were thousands of infantrymen being shipped to France, where the allies had formed a tenuous foothold in the days following D-Day, June 6th, 1944.

The temptation when reading a wartime diary like McAllister's is to glean the most exciting passages and in so doing, blur the focus of these day-to-day jottings.

True, the underlying emphasis is always on what tomorrow may bring, but still the habits and the upbringing of a lifetime preoccupy the thoughts and the actions of this soldier and often full pages are given over to the most trivial of experiences with no reference to the next tomorrow.

Always there is a return to the underlying tensions that control the man's life, but it is amazing how McAllister and surely many others sublimated these tensions and set them aside for hours, even days, at a time whilst they returned to things they might have done at home without a war to intervene.

The one thread throughout the jottings is the repeated references to the yearning to complete "all their missions," so's they could go home.

Each date in the precise log is given one page and McAllister, with rare exceptions, limited his remarks about every event to one page recountings.

For January 3rd, 1945: *"We enjoyed flying what might approach our most nearly perfect mission today. Not one speck of flak on the whole trip. However, some prop wash gave us a thrill by almost throwing us into a wing over. We lost formation, but quickly caught up. Gee Box started smoking and we thought we had a fire but Pete shut off the power and it stopped. We bombed at Neunkirchen–only 15-25 minutes within enemy territory, oh boy, oh boy! My heated suit was out but I rode on the flight deck and went into the nose with oxygen bottle to bomb."*

For January 5th: *"We were scheduled to fly a combat mission today, but we must have been too far down on the list so they didn't even call us for a practice mission so we slept until noon. Pete and I went over to the war room for two hours of target identification. At this rate we should soon know the geographical location of German towns as well as we know towns in the good old United States. Found that cablegrams could be*

**Köblenz, Germany, shortly after end of World War II**

*sent from the base, so I sent one to my wife and one to mother and dad. We are elected tomorrow."*

Tomorrow was January 6th:

*"Quite appropriate, I suppose, for us to fly our sixth mission on January 6th. For awhile it looked as though we might have to abort due to our #1 engine acting up, but she kept right on turning over. We saw several enemy V-2 rockets hurtling high into the air with their bright trail of flame as we approached the farming area. Well, we hit Coblenz (Köblenz) again and expected flak and possibly enemy fighters. Fortunately no flak, although we saw considerable, and no fighters. Upon return the field was socked in with fog. Jim made two instrument attempts—landed on the third."*

It is amazing that McAllister on date after date through January, February, March and April of 1945 is able to confine his excitement over life and death trips into Germany to the one page permitted by each date in

the diary.

The missions piled up, one upon the other, through these months—mounting ever closer to the coveted 20 that could send the crew home—and as the missions grew, so too did the prestige of the "Back To The Sack," whose successes over Germany promoted them from wing ship, ever closer to "lead" status—up at the point of the Vee. It wasn't a distinction particularly coveted by McAllister and his crewmates. They recognized the dangers of the point position, as did the air corps itself, which reduced the number of missions required of a "lead" crew before it could go home.

Combat mission number seven came on January 7th, *"hitting railroad yards at Achun, Germany."*

(An interesting comment here suggests McAllister and the crew didn't always fly in the same B-24.)

*"We got to fly our favorite ship 'Back To The Sack' and had no engine trouble throughout the whole 7-hour trip . . . No clouds . . . watched the bombs fall all the way to the target and they were perfect hits . . . what a bloody mess we must have made and on a Sunday too."*

*"and on a Sunday, too,"* wrote this young lad, who had grown up honoring the Sabbath in Fayetteville, Arkansas. There is this same ingenuousness in his comments about a 48-hour pass spent in London at a hostelry called Marleybone Chambers. *"We call it Jesse James place—it's costing us almost a pound each. The proprietor served us milk, eggs and coffee, <u>BUT</u> the milk was skimmed, the eggs were powdered and the coffee we couldn't drink. Our sugar came from a salt shaker, but we must remember the long years of war the English have endured before we criticize. . .I found a little shop and purchased a baby comfort, wool dress, shoes and mittens. Got everything in white but wish I could have purchased it in blue. (wishing for a boy.) May is only 4 months away."*

References to the required number of missions that will send them home changes at various points in the diary. At times it is 20, at other times 30. On January 12, 1945, McAllister refers to *"Twenty-eight missions looks mighty big right now but with an average of three per week I can be home by May 1. Maybe it would be better to try sweating out the end of the war in the west."*

The January 13 entry makes reference to a bombing mission in which his crew didn't participate. *"I'm glad we didn't. Our group lost eleven ships, which is a record since we've been here. They say it was about sixty degrees below zero aloft. One of the fellows in our hut returned with his ear frozen to the metal part of his helmet. We are number nine on the alert list for tomorrow."*

The tomorrows continue to pile up—through January, February and March. The eighth mission bombed Tubergen, Germany, their *"longest mission to date and first time we had to land with only three engines."*

On January 18: *"The Russians are really rolling along toward Germany's eastern borders. I honestly have my doubts as to our completing our 35 mission tour before the war's end."*

He writes of seeing a U.S.O. show on January 21 and of *"an artist who sketched my profile for a pound."* And when a party palls on him *"my thoughts this evening have turned repeatedly to my wife, for whom I long dreadfully."*

On January 26th: *"Back from our third 48-hour pass (in Norwich). We watched several English people eating today and were extremely amused at the dextrous manner in which they hold their fork in their left hand upside down and then plaster their bites to the back of the prongs with the aid of the knife. They use the knife as much as the fork. I wonder how they read at the table?"*

Snow hampers bombing activity through January and February. When not aloft there is ground school, passes to nearby towns. Mission number 9 was performed

From pp130-131 of *Winged Victory* by Geoffrey Perret

**The Norden sight** became a quasi-mythical instrument of war, written and spoken of with awe, as if it contained a secret power that verged on the magical. It was treated by the Navy and the AAF alike with a solemnity that was almost religious in its intensity.

Trainee bombardiers took a twelve-week course, during which they dropped scores of one hundred-pound blue practice bombs filled with sand. The heart of their training, though, was the three-week section devoted to the Norden sight. When it wasn't in the aircraft, it was in a safe. Between the safe and the airplane it was under armed guard. Trainees weren't allowed to take notes; everything they were told about the sight had to be memorized. Much thought, too, was devoted—in vain—to devising ways of destroying the sight if the aircraft carrying it was brought down over enemy territory.

The Germans had had the secrets of the Norden sight since 1937. A German-born American citizen named Hermann Lang who worked for Norden had provided German intelligence with blueprints of the device. In 1938 Lang even took a German vacation so he could answer various technical questions that the Luftwaffe's bombsight experts wanted to put to him. Copies of the Norden bombsight went into German Air Force bombers. There was, in truth, nothing secret about it by the time the AAF went to war.

January 28th: *"Completed successfully—our roughest yet. We hit a benzol plant at Dortmund. We counted 19 flak holes in our ship."*

January 29: *"We have been transferred to the 712th Squadron. It seems they are going to make a lead crew out of us. We can hardly guess our future."*

In entries for the next few days McAllister writes of two new navigators being added to the crew—one a pilotage navigator, the other to man the "Mickey," a new radar navigation instrument.

Missions for the "Back To The Sack" stalled at nine throughout February while they trained for their new "lead" responsibilities. McAllister was becoming proficient in use of the fabled Norden bomb sight, apparently, for he spent time instructing enlisted personnel in its use.

But life was going on back home. On February 15 he wrote happily: *"I found great news awaiting me from my sweet wife. 'All fine, especially me, expect boy, recheck soon to be sure. I love you, Virginia.' It's good to think our child will be a boy. However, if God sees fit to give us a girl it will make us just as happy."* (God did. A girl it was—Janet—born May 13, 1945. Now Mrs. Carl Collier and mother of two McAllister grandchildren.)

A.D. was trying to keep hold of life as he had known it back home. On February 24: *"Back early from Norwich. Ed bought a guitar and I bought I an eight bass accordion."* (A.D.'s accordion may be long gone but he plays enthusiastic piano.)

A week later the 10th mission finally happened. It was March 2nd. For one of the few times in the diary the events caused A.D. to use more than one page to tell the story: *"Mission #10 to Magdeburg . . . our roughest to date. We lead the bucket in a six-ship screening force which preceeded the entire second division. We carried a huge load of chaff (tinsel) instead of bombs to jam Jerry's radar and ack ack. The target was oft visited Magdeburg refineries. Our ship was being pushed to keep up with the small formation (B-24 cruised at 165 mph) and just prior to the I.F. our #1 engine sprang an oil leak while #3 turbo was out. Ed called the lead commander who told us to tag along. Just after leaving the target area we lost #1 engine and #3 threatened to go out. We lost altitude and the covering force formation. Even the bomber stream pulled away from us. After an unsuccessful attempt to get fighter protection we decided to make our own way to Brussels, Belgium, when the engineer reported a low fuel supply.*

**Köln (Cologne), Germany, ruins after World War II bombing.**

*"Thanks to Nack and Pete for excellent navigation we made it an in by using cloud cover and dodged flak (by detouring) around larger towns. Over the target the greatest flak barrage we'd seen knocked two of our boys out of the sky."*

The next day McAllister discovered that *"I wasn't supposed to go on the mission."* It had been an operational foul-up.

On March 6, McAllister notes: *"The 102nd Division, of which I was one of the original cadre, figured greatly in the push to the Rhine River, which split the armies of Von Runstedt."*

The missions from then on added up swiftly, #11 on March 10th, #12 the next day, #13 and #14 the same week. #15 over Hanover was a rough one with lots of flak and some Messerschmidts.

March 20: *"Spent the day shopping. Got a little dress, a bunny rabbit and a rattle for my coming baby."*

The March 24 entry tells of one of the crew's toughest assignments and the one that was to get them decorated.

Mission #16.

*"We'll never forget #16. We flew across the Rhine River at 300 feet to deliver supplies to British Tommies who had established a bridgehead above Wesel. We only spent five minutes over enemy territory, but we could see German riflemen and machine-guns firing at us. A scant 200 yards from the Jerries I saw 5 British Tommies waving to us from a trench. Hundreds of gliders and parachutes literally hid the ground—aftermath of the gigantic airborne crossing. I'll never forget Wesel. Complete obliteration—masses of tanks trucks, gliders and men. A German farmer was non chalantly plowing his field a half mile from the carnage. One shot from below got our hydraulic lines, penetrated Delaney's arm (the engineer) and landed in his side. Jim gave him morphine. I bandaged his arm. When we came home we discovered the nose wheel wouldn't come down. . .nor the flaps. At the last minute they came and in we came. Glad it was over."*

The group citation for this mission read: "The entire operation was extraordinary in that it employed high altitude heavy bombardment forces in a manner for which they had no opportunity to train."

On March 27: *"The war news looks most promising. Rumors are beginning to spread about the 2nd bomb group (his group) moving to the CBI theatre* (China-Burma India). *Scheduled to fly right lead again tomorrow."*

Tomorrow proved to be three days later, on March 30. On their 17th mission they bombed the submarine bases at Wilhelmshaven. On April 4th they lead a bucket squadron to bomb the air field at Perchim. ME 262s attacked and felled four ships from their flight.

*"Our bombs hit in the very center of the runway."*

It was their 18th mission.

On April 9th they scored combat mission #19, bombing the airfields at Landesburg, their deepest penetration ever into Germany. *"I got a marvelous view of the Swiss*

*Alps–a sight I shall never forget. We feel that the war can't go on much longer. We are anxious to have at least 10 leads and 20 missions by that time."*

On April 12 he referred again to the contributions of his old infantry division, the 102nd. Reports say the 102nd has a fine battle record. They are part of the 9th army pushing on to Berlin.

The coveted 10th lead and 20th mission came on April 14: *"We bombed German coastal defenses at Pointe De Combe, France, where several thousand huns are still holding out. It was our longest mission to date—nine hours and ten minutes. No flak, no enemy fighters. Good thing, too, because we carried no gunners with us."*

War's end seemed close at hand. The 93rd Bomb Group, he heard, had been "stood down" and would fly no more combat missions. They anticipated being "stood down" themselves, but alerts continued, scheduled missions continued and were consistently scrubbed as massed allied armies in Europe made mass bombing inadvisable.

One of the most poignant statements in the little diary is the entry for April 21, 1945:

*"Today I happened to bump into one Private Fulcher, infantry, a former member of my rifle company in the States. He had been evacuated from Germany due to a wound in his hand. He told me of two sergeants promoted to the rank of 2nd lieutenant on the battlefield; of our first sergeant being awarded the silver star; of all the company officers being either killed or wounded. Captain Porter was G Company commander. He and I went through the infantry school together. I enjoyed seeing the lad a great deal, but after hearing his story I walked away feeling lucky to be a member of the Air Corps."*

Throughout the diary it is obvious McAllister was keeping up with the battlefield fortunes of his old Ozark Division for he makes proud references to their contri-

butions to the war effort.

Late in April and early in May, McAllister's diary records the rumors, the news, the deaths of Roosevelt, of Hitler and of German peace feelers "to the Americans and British, but not to the Russians"; the turndowns by Churchill and Truman and then on May 8: *"V-E day came officially today thus ending phase one of World War II."*

With all the excitement of the victory, A.D. McAllister and the men of his crew recognized the fact that the job was not done. The most amazing entry in the diary then, has to be the last line on the last page of this amazing personal journal:

May 9, 1945: *"All thoughts turn to the big question. When do we go home? We are willing to do another job elsewhere, but only if we can be with our loved ones awhile first.*

*". . . willing to do another job elsewhere."*

How could they have done it, these ordinary American small-town boys—snatched, literally snatched off campuses and farms and streets and shaped, willy-nilly, into units like the crew of the "Back To The Sack" and sent soaring into skies full of death, time after time and be found willing to do it again, somewhere else in some other skies, till the job was finished.

Amazing.

A.D. McAllister, private citizen, arrived back in "good old Fayetteville" at 1:30 a.m. one sultry September morning in 1945. His civvies were still in mothballs at his parents' house, so he took a five-hour nap, arose, donned his air force uniform as he had done for two long years, strolled over to the University of Arkansas campus and enrolled in law school, just as he and the family had planned.

One job was finished.

Another started. Just like that. ❖

# Some Maguire History

*by Ralph Maguire*

I am the seventh generation of John Maguire. He came from Ireland in the 1600s to America at the age of 16 and did well for himself. His son's name was William who lived in North Carolina. His youngest grandson was Owen Mallory Maguire.

Owen married and moved to Kentucky. He and his wife had seven children. My great-grandfather, Daniel Green Maguire, was the youngest.

His brother, Hosea, was the one that built on to the big house at Maguire Town—also a General Store and Post Office which had three stories. The top floor was used for the Masonic Lodge and the basement floor was for storing things and across the street or road was the blacksmith shop. Also on the same side was the school house and church. They were Dunkers in belief. The slave house was west of the big house.

Owen Maguire came to Washington County in 1832 and purchased land on both sides of the White River—deeded from President Martin Van Buren. Owen's younger daughter married Tom Towler. He was the one who ran the ferry on White River as there weren't any bridges at that time. The Towler Cemetery is above the road on the north before you get to the big house. My grandfather's sister is buried there. She was only 18 years old.

My great-grandfather, grandfather, and father are buried in Round Mountain Cemetery, established in 1881.

*Ralph Maguire's address is 680 Happy Hollow Road, Fayetteville, AR 72701, and his telephone is (501) 521-7966.* ❖

# THE ANDERSONS
## OF MOUNTAIN VIEW

*by Dwain and Betty Lou Anderson Skelton*

Hubert Alexander Anderson was to be the only son of Charles Alexander "Charley" and Cordia Caroline "Cordie" (Thurman) Anderson. The Anderson Family lived on the Old Goforth Place on Goose Creek just south of 16 Highway about 10 miles west of Fayetteville, Ark. A daughter, Ethel, had already been born to Charley and Cordie when Hubert came along and a second daughter, Velmagene, followed ten years later.

Times were hard in Arkansas in the 1920s and 1930s. Many families migrated to the West Coast (California, Washington, and Oregon) to find work. Some never returned to Arkansas but Charley Anderson and two of his brothers made several trips to Washington and Oregon to work in the lumber mills and help in the housing construction industry. Initially, a one-way trip

**From left to right, Lloyd Anderson, Charley Anderson, Cordie (Thurman) Anderson, Ethel Anderson, Lela Thurman, Hubert Anderson, and Cosby Thurman.**

would take from three to four weeks to complete.

The first memory Hubert had about his childhood was seeing his sister Ethel floating down rain swollen Goose Creek clinging to the endgate of the family wagon. The family, and a migrant farm worker named George Coleman, had gone somewhere earlier in the day requiring them to ford Goose Creek. When they returned the place they had earlier crossed had washed out and the wagon floated when the team of mules tried to pull it across. Ethel was in the back holding to the wooden endgate when it floated out of the wagon and started down the creek. George Coleman went in the water and pulled her to safety.

On October 18, 1922, Charley and Cordie Anderson left the Mountain View Schoolhouse area and started to Scofield, Oregon, to work in the sawmills. Charley's brother Lloyd, and Cordie's brother and sister-in-law, Cosby and Lela Thurman were also on that initial trip. They drove away in a 1919 Model T Ford truck. Lloyd had owned a horse and buggy and Charley a Ford car which they traded in on the truck.

**Hubert and Ethel Andersonin 1919.**

Somewhere in California they lost the drain plug from the oil pan and all the oil ran out. Hubert recalls, as they waited on Charley and Cosby to locate a new drain plug and find some more oil, a couple fellows came along and started acting suspiciously like they intended to rob those left guarding

the disabled truck. When Charley and Cosby returned the two refused to leave and threatened to knock Charley in the head so Lloyd used his shotgun to encourage them to move on.

At Merced, California, Ethel was run over by a car and spent six months recovering from her injuries before the travelers could go on to Oregon. The family had decided to stop by the side of the road for a break. Ethel was asleep so the women left her in the truck. When she awakened she crawled out the back of the truck and ran in front of an oncoming car. The man who drove the car took her to the hospital and paid the medical bills during her six-month recovery. Charley, Cosby, and Lloyd found interim jobs in Merced while they waited on Ethel to recover enough to travel. They finally got to Scofield on April 16, 1923.

When the mission had been accomplished in Oregon, probably no longer than a couple years, Charley and Cordie brought their family back to Mountain View, Washington Co., Ark. Charley had made and saved a little money while in Oregon but it didn't sustain the family very long back in NW Arkansas. In 1928 they loaded up and again headed for St. Helens, Oregon, to work in the lumber mills. When Charley thought he had enough money to make it at home they came back to Mountain View where he built a new three-bedroom house on their property.

The Anderson home was always the meeting place for the kids to come after church on Sunday. The boys played baseball and the girls watched. When it was cold they all played card games together.

In 1930 the Charley Anderson family went back to St. Helens again. This time Hubert was old enough to get a job working on a farm helping with the oats. After about a year they were back in Mountain View again.

Each time the Anderson family came back to Mountain View, the youngsters would attend grade school at the Mountain View school house. All grades up through the eighth were taught there. The physical building served the community in a number of ways. Methodists, Baptists, and Hardshell Baptists met in the school house on alternating Sundays.

It was on the steps of that Mountain View school building, one Sunday morning, Hubert first saw Vada Luttrell, who later was to become his lifelong companion.

Billy Osborn, the school teacher at Savoy, Ark., talked Jake Luttrell into sending his fourth daughter, Vada, to Fayetteville to attend Fayetteville Business College. Her sister Ruby would go visit her at times and they would go to the movies together.

Hubert and Ethel Anderson, Vada and Ruby Luttrell, Lavern and Susie Hicks, Carmon Phipps, Lee Babcock, Edith McGarah, and Robert Crawford all attended the ninth grade together at Howe Junior High School. Edith Parks was the teacher. She saved her money and bought the class a basketball. Ethel was the salutatorian and Vada was the valedictorian at the first commencement exercises, March 11, 1931. Vada had already attended Fayetteville Business College before she went to the ninth grade at Howe. Ruby (Luttrell) Lynch remembered during the wintertime each youngster would bring a separate ingredient to donate to the pot of stew cooking for lunch on the wood heating stove.

Hubert Anderson and Lavern Hicks went to Chickasha, Oklahoma, during the summer of 1931 to pick cotton. They survived, and that is about all Hubert would say about the experience.

In the fall of 1931, Hubert and Ethel went to Rhea, Ark. (seven miles north of Prairie Grove) to stay with their Aunt Stella Argerbright and ride the bus to Prairie

Grove to attend the tenth grade of school. Hubert wasn't able to finish that grade. He dropped out of school to help with the farm work.

A young fellow from Kansas City, Mo., named Glenn Lee, came to Mountain View to gather mistletoe and visit with Ethel. Hubert wound up going back to Kansas City with him to look for work. They went to Siloam Springs, Ark. and hopped a freight train to Kansas City. When they got there Hubert worked a few days on an apartment complex being constructed and then returned to NW Arkansas.

The Great Depression didn't hurt the Andersons badly. They never went hungry. They always had plenty of milk, eggs, meat, potatoes, canned vegetables, and lard rendered from hogs they butchered. Wheat and corn were taken to Savoy to be ground into flour and corn meal. The primary money crops were tomatoes and sweet potatoes. Ethel worked mostly in the house helping her mother with the meals, ironing and making beds, while Hubert helped his dad with the outside chores.

The breakfast meal usually consisted of biscuits and gravy, sausage, bacon, eggs, milk, and coffee. Dinner was some form of pork, canned or fresh vegetables, sweet potatoes, beans, peas, corn, and of course milk and coffee. Supper was usually cornbread and milk with whatever vegetables were available at the time. The milk would vary from being fresh to clabbered, to buttermilk. There was always plenty of fresh butter.

**Calvin Cherry, Mary Ida Elizabeth (Cherry) Anderson, and Benjamin H. Greathouse.**

Cordie churned in a quart jar. She had a regular-sized churn but didn't need to make that much butter every time.

Hubert started dating Vada Luttrell in 1934 and eventually married her on 22 Feb. 1936. Benjamin H. Greathouse, a former Arkansas state senator who was then married to Hubert's grandmother, Mary Ida Elizabeth (Cherry) (Anderson) Greathouse, conducted the ceremony at the Greathouse home.

Jake Luttrell gave both Vada and Ruby identical Montgomery Ward & Company Brunswick treadle sewing machines for wedding presents.

After Hubert and Vada were married they lived with his parents at Mountain View for about six months while Hubert sharecropped with the Greathouse boys. Then they moved to one of Vada's dad's places.

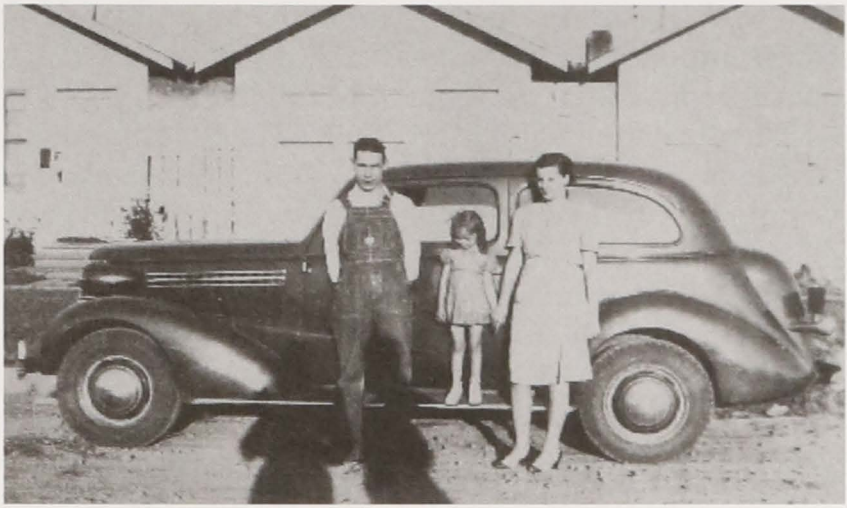
Vada became pregnant and Dr. Frank Riggall said "get her out of that holler." So, they moved to Vada's mother's old home (the T. J. Phipps place).

Hubert worked on the Wedington Project in 1936-37. He helped put the top on the forest fire watchtower.

Betty Lou Anderson was born in Prairie Grove on 10 Feb. 1937. Hubert loaded up his family and headed for Phoenix, Ariz., in July 1937. He wanted to find his school friend, Lavern Hicks. When they arrived in Phoenix he told Vada and Betty to wait in the car while he asked around to see if anyone might know how to locate Lavern. The first man he passed on the street knew of Lavern and told Hubert how to locate him.

Hubert got a job at Tovery Packing Company, feeding cattle. He got fired after six months because he joined the union, so they came back to NW Arkansas.

When they got back to Arkansas they located on the Illinois River by Howe. Hubert sharecropped with his father-in-law, Jake Luttrell, until late 1940. Among other



**Hubert, Betty Lou, and Vada Anderson standing by their 1938 Chevrolet sedan in front of company housing at 1140 10th Avenue in Longview, Washington.**

things he accumulated was a team of mules he bought from Jake for $150. Jake also gave him a nearly new Springfield wagon. Not too long after that he sold out (mules, cattle, pigs, chickens, wagon, etc.) and headed for Longview, Washington. His sister, Ethel, and her husband, Woodrow Smythe and Ercell and Lydia Matthews went along. Hubert rented a lumber company house at 1140 10th Avenue in Longview.

Jobs were scarce. After six weeks of looking for work he was finally hired at the Long Bell Lumber Company Furniture Factory. Vada and their daughter, Betty, came back to Arkansas once on a visit with Robert and June Crawford.

Pearl Harbor was bombed on 7 Dec. 1941. Early the next morning, Hubert, Vada and Betty, Woodrow and Ethel, and Ercell and Lydia Matthews headed back for NW Arkansas. They feared the entire West Coast was in danger of being attacked.

Hubert was driving a 1938 Chevrolet two-door sedan

with knee action front suspension. There was deep snow in the mountains. Woodrow was leading the convoy with Hubert and Ercell attempting to follow his tail lights and stay in his tracks. Vada peeled an orange and asked Hubert if he wanted half of it. When he turned to take it from her he took his eyes off the tracks he was following and the car swapped ends and wound up in the ditch. Fortunately it was the ditch on the side of the road next to the mountain and not the one that dropped off to the valley below. Some fellow in a pickup stopped and pulled them out of the ditch.

When they arrived back in NW Arkansas, Hubert and Vada bought a small plot of ground in Rhea (Rhea's Mill), Washington Co., from Hubert's aunt Stella and her husband, Harry Argerbright. There was a house, a barn, and five small chicken houses, each holding 500 chickens. Later he added twenty acres of wooded pastureland to the place. He bought it on credit and soon found it hard to make the payments. Betty attended the first grade of school at Rhea.

In 1942 Hubert decided to go back out to St. Helens, Oregon, to find work so as to be able to make the loan payments and not lose the place at Rhea. Vada said she wouldn't go back again. He sold the cows and chickens and loaded the car for the trip. When he started to leave Vada and Betty got in with him.

When they got to Oregon that time, Charley and Cordie Anderson and Woodrow and Ethel Smythe were already there. Hubert joined the carpenter's union and got a job working with his dad helping build apartments for shipyard workers at St. Johns near Portland. When he had enough money to pay his place off, he brought his family back to Rhea and immediately got drafted into the Army.

Hubert was inducted into the Army on 13 Mar. 1944

at Camp Robinson near Little Rock. Shortly afterwards he was shipped off to Mineral Wells, Texas, to train with the unit he would go overseas with. Vada and Betty went to Mineral Wells to be near him. Hubert got a buddy to sneak his pass out of the orderly room and kept it with him most of the time he was at Mineral Wells.

When his basic training was finished he took Vada and Betty back to Rhea. He had a few days leave before being shipped to Europe. From Fayetteville he caught the bus to New York City to meet up with his company and ship out. Some delay caused the bus not to deliver him on schedule and he missed his unit's overseas shipment.

He never did catch up with his training buddies but was assigned as a single replacement to "B" Company, 26th Infantry Regt., First Infantry Division, when he got to France.

Vada decided not to stay on the place at Rhea so she and Betty moved to Fayetteville and rented an apartment at 125 W. Lafayette. She found a job at The Garment Factory just east of the University of Arkansas campus. At that time the factory was making military uniforms for the government. She cut belt loops by hand.

Betty attended the second grade at Washington School and remembers her mother coming home from work with several of her fingers taped to afford protection from the scissors. She also remembers playing with the empty thread spools Vada would bring home from the factory.

Vada and Betty spent the 1944 Christmas holidays out at the farm on the Illinois River, west of Fayetteville, with Jacob Cue "Jake" and Lieualla "Lou Allie" Luttrell (Vada's parents). Betty slept on a cot in the living room next to the wood stove. Jake would get up before daylight to feed the fire. Betty remembers awakening Christmas morning to find a doll sitting in a cane bot-

tom chair beside the cot watching over her as she slept.

Hubert was an infantry rifleman, serving on a Browning Automatic Rifle (BAR) team. John Christmas was his ammunition carrier. They were involved in actual combat less than a month. Hubert was wounded in the battle of the Hurtgen Forest just east of Aachen, Germany, the morning of 16 Nov. 1944. His company was accidentally bombed by Allied planes and a piece of shrapnel went through his right ankle.

In retrospect, his was probably a fortunate wound. He was evacuated to Paris, flown to London, and then shipped back to the U.S. The remainder of his unit, those who survived the initial bombing, met stiff resistance. The drive toward the Rhine River north of the Hurtgen Forest jumped off on 16 Nov. 1944. It took two infantry regiments four days and more than 1,000 casualties to push forward about two miles. A regiment of the First Infantry Division took a pounding in the northern fringe of the forest. Finally, on 13 December, units of an armored and an infantry division

**Hubert was wounded in Germany in 1944.**

broke through at two little villages on the far side of the forest. More than 25 percent of the Americans who fought in the Hurtgen Forest battle were casualties. Hubert spent his 1944 Christmas Holidays in the 7th General Hospital in London.

He was discharged from the Army in Longview, Texas, and was given official credit for participating in both the Battle of Normandy and the Battle of Rhineland. His decorations include the Purple Heart and the European Theater Campaign Medal.

Hubert returned to Fayetteville to rejoin his family. Betty got out of school about an hour before Vada got off work. She was not supposed to go upstairs in the apartment building by herself. On the day Hubert arrived home she was upstairs playing with the little neighbor boy when the landlady came looking for her. Hubert met her at the bottom of the stairs and they exchanged bearhugs. She discovered he hadn't shaved that day. Hubert was smoking and needed an ashtray so Betty looked around the apartment and found a saucer for him to use. When they heard Vada coming, Hubert hid behind the archway hoping to surprise her. When she came through the door, the first thing she smelled was smoke and began to severely chastise Betty for playing around with fire. But, when Hubert stuck his head out from hiding, she forgot about Betty.

The Andersons sold the little farm at Rhea and rented a small grocery store/service station on Highway 68 west of Springdale. It was located on the northwest corner of the intersection of 40th Street and Highway 68 (later redesignated 412). Earl West had a well drilling business on the southeast corner of the same intersection. They lived in a house on the site and worked the store/station six months until the owner raised the rent. During that time Hubert saved $2,200. Betty started the

third grade in the old three-story high school building on Highway 71 north in Springdale.

Using the proceeds of the sale of the farm at Rhea and from six months running the store on Highway 68, Hubert bought six 50-foot wide lots on Highway 59 south of Siloam Springs. Shortly after that, Jake Luttrell sold his place down on the Illinois River and bought a place on the northwest corner of Pleasant Street and Highway 68 in Springdale. That property included a small rock service station building and some open pastureland. Hubert bought the station and one acre of adjoining land on which he built a six-room house. They lived in Tontitown while he built the new house. Then he sold the six lots in Siloam Springs.

Vada's sister, Lena, and her husband Alfred Shumate, had been living in California for some years. They returned to Springdale and rented a house just east of Hubert and Vada. Shortly afterwards they bought five acres about half a mile further west and some 200 yards north of 68 Highway. Hubert bought the five acres adjoining them to the north and built two large chicken houses on it. Each house held 5,000 chickens. The houses were located toward the back of the acreage allowing him to raise strawberries on the front section.

A second daughter, Carol Ann, was born to the Andersons on 7 July 1950. She was delivered by Dr. Frank Riggall at Prairie Grove Hospital. There was over thirteen years difference in the two Anderson girl's ages.

In 1959 Hubert sold the place on the corner of Pleasant Street and 68 Highway for $8,500 and the five acres and two chicken houses for $7,500 and bought another chicken ranch further west on the south side of Highway 68. He gave $17,500 for a nice large seven-room rock house on five acres. There was already one 10,000 capacity chicken house on the acreage and he

soon built a second one. He got a contract to raise chickens for Dr. Salisbury of Charles City, Iowa. They were testing medications to control some of the emerging chicken diseases.

In 1974 Hubert Anderson retired from raising chickens and moved to a new house on a lot at 3901 Clark Avenue, Springdale. Soon he got bored with the retired life and took a job as a maintenance man at the Montgomery Wards Store in Fayetteville.

One afternoon, while at work, he felt some chest pains so he checked himself into the Washington County Hospital where he was diagnosed with a heart attack. On 21 Jan. 1989, he received a triple bypass to help correct that problem.

During the same timeframe, Vada began to have heart trouble as well. She was tested to see if the angioplasty procedure would help, but it was not recommended and she remained on medication.

Primarily because of their failing health, on 17 Sep.1991, Hubert sold the place on Clark Ave. in Springdale and he and Vada moved into an apartment in the Paradise View Apartment Complex three miles east of the Northwest Arkansas Mall. Hubert got a lot of exercise searching for lost and abandoned golf balls from the adjoining golf course.

Eight months later they bought a nice older five-room house at 6405 Tracy Avenue in Little Rock, just a block away from their youngest daughter Carol Ann (Anderson) Roberts.

Vada Aresta (Luttrell) Anderson passed away from complications of heart disease on 23 Sep. 1993.

Hubert continued living alone at the Tracy address and Carol checked on him continually. His heart gave out on 8 May 1997.

## THE ANDERSON GENEALOGY

Hubert Alexander Anderson, was born 26 May 1916 in Washington Co., Ark. He married Vada Aresta Luttrell, at Mountain View in Washington Co. on 22 Feb. 1936. That marriage is recorded in *Washington County Marriage Records, Book Y*, page 267. To that union were born: Betty Lou (Anderson) Skelton, 10 Feb. 1937, at Prairie Grove; and Carol Ann (Anderson) Roberts, 7 July 1950, also arriving at Prairie Grove.

Hubert's father was Charles Alexander "Charley" Anderson, born 3 Nov. 1892, in Red River Co., Texas and died 18 Aug. 1976 in Siloam Springs, Ark.

Charley was married, on 8 Mar. 1814, to Cordia Caroline "Cordie" Thurman. That marriage is recorded in *Washington County Marriage Records, Book Q*, page 64. To that union were born: Ethel Geneva (Anderson) Smythe, Asling, 17 Jan. 1915; Hubert Alexander, 29 May 1916; and Velmagene (Anderson) Brady, 17 Dec. 1926. All three children were born in Washington Co. Cordie was born 11 Sep.1895, in Washington Co., and died 5 Feb. 1971 in Siloam Springs. Charley and Cordie are buried in the Oak Hill Cemetery at Siloam Springs.

**Cordia Caroline (Thurman) Anderson and Charles Alexander Anderson.**

Charley's father was Robert Alexander Anderson, born 22 Nov. 1853 and died 19 Jan. 1929 in Washington Co. He was twice married.

Robert Alexander Anderson's first marriage was to

Leah G. Winkler, on 16 Dec. 1870. That marriage is recorded in *Washington County Marriage Records, Book C,* page 625. Robert was 17 and Leah was 18. A justice of the peace named R. A. Rutherford performed the ceremony. To that union were born: Louisa May, 31 May 1872; Mary M., 14 July 1874; and Frances (Anderson) Willey, Swartz, 20 July 1880. Both Louisa May and Mary M. died of scarlet fever in 1881. They are buried in Chismville, Logan Co., Ark. Robert and Leah separated and Leah soon died.

Robert's second marriage, 10 March 1889, was to Mary Ida Elizabeth Cherry. That marriage is recorded in *Red River Co. Texas Marriage Records, Volume 8,* page 471. J. N. Morris, a Justice of the Peace for Red River Co. performed the ceremony near Detroit, Texas. To that union were born: Nettie Geneva (Anderson) Gibson, 27 Sep. 1890; Charles Alexander, 3 Nov. 1892; Ida Flora (Anderson) Jarrell, 19 July 1895; Roy Gervis, 13 Nov. 1897; Stella Beatrice (Anderson) Bess, Argerbright,

**Robert Alexander Anderson and Mary Ida Elizabeth (Cherry) Anderson.**

23 Jan. 1902; Lloyd Linel, 8 Sep. 1905; and Zula Viola (Anderson) Wilson, 30 Apr. 1908. Nettie was born in Muskogee, Indian Territory; Charles and Flora were born in Red River Co., Texas; and the last four were born in Washington Co., Ark. Mary Ida Elizabeth Cherry was born 10 Mar. 1874 and died 29 May 1949. Both she and Robert Alexander Anderson are buried in the Mt. View Cemetery, Washington Co., Ark.

Robert Alexander Anderson's father was John N. Anderson. He was born 25 Dec. 1813, possibly in what is now Jefferson Co., Ind., and died prior to the 1860 census. On 26 Jan.1842, somewhere in Kentucky(?), he married Sarah Tedder. To that union were born: Josephine (Anderson) Caffrey, 1843; William Wallace, 1846; John 1848; Frank, 1850; Robert Alexander, 1853; and Richard "Dink" 1856. Sarah (Tedder) Anderson died prior to the 1870 census and is buried near Detroit, Texas. John N. is buried in the Mt. Comfort Cemetery west of Fayetteville in an unidentified grave site.

John N. Anderson's father was James Anderson who was born in1784 in Botetourt Co., Va. and died in 1828 near Springfield, Ill. In 1802, in Virginia, he married Agnes Nancy Fletcher, daughter of Job Fletcher Senior. To that union were born: Robert N., who married Rebecca Wilson in 1824; Margaret L., who married William Drennan in 1822; Job F., 2 June 1808; John N., 25 Dec. 1813 who married Sarah Tedder in 1842; Nancy, 1 Jan. 1820 who possibly married Charles W. Ballard in1843; and Rebecca, 14 Jan. 1825. Agnes Nancy (Fletcher) Anderson was born in 1786 in Rockbridge Co., Va. and died in 1845 near Springfield, Ill.

From *Rockbridge Co., Va. Marriages (1778-1805)*, James and Agnes' marriage bond was recorded 6 July 1802. James Anderson and John Fletcher were bound to James Monroe, Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia for

$150. Since Agnes' father, Job, was deceased, her brother, John stood her bond.

According to the *Rockbridge Co., Va. Marriages (1778 - 1850)*, James and Agnes were married, on 18 July 1802, by John Montgomery.

The James Anderson Family moved from Virginia to Kentucky, by 1808, Kentucky to Indiana by 1813, and Indiana to Illinois in late 1820. A James Anderson paid taxes in Jefferson Co., Ind. in 1815-16.

Excerpts from the *History of Sangamon County, Illinois*: James Anderson came to the county in 1820. He was born in Virginia, moved from there to Kentucky, thence to Indiana, and then to Illinois. He settled on section 33, but afterwards moved to the North Fork of the Sangamon River, where he died in 1828.

Job Fletcher, Jr. (brother to Agnes), was born 11 Nov.1793, in Rockbridge Co., Va., from whence he moved to Logan Co., and Christian Co. (later Todd Co.), Ky. He and Mary Kerchner, born 25 May 1788, in Augusta Co., Va., were married in Todd Co., Ky., 22 Dec. 1818, and moved to Illinois, settling in what is now Ball Township, Sangamon County in 1819.

Job Fletcher and Abraham Lincoln were two of the famous "Long Nine." Job was elected to the Illinois State Legislature, as a Whig, in 1836. He served as a senator. Abraham Lincoln served in the same sessions as a state representative from Sangamon County. Job died on 4 Sep. 1872. He was John N. Anderson's uncle by marriage.

The Cumberland Presbyterian Church, situated on section thirty-one, in Sangamon Co., Ill., was organized in 1824, at the house of William Drennan Sr., by John M. Berry. William Drennan's wife was Margaret L. Anderson, John N.'s older sister. Among those comprising the original organization, or who united shortly afterwards, were: William Drennan, Joseph Dodds and wife, William

Wallace, Gilbert Dodds and wife, Lewis Laughlin and wife, James Anderson, Robert Anderson, James Wallace, and John Durley.

Following are the names of some of the Sangamon County men who served in the Blackhawk War, Captain Alexander White's Company, Twenty Days Men — Corporal William Wallace and Private Abraham Lincoln.

James Anderson, Sr., was listed in Botetourt Co., Va. in 1770 with one tithable. He was in the area from the head of Reed's Creek to Stolnackers. Next, he shows up in Captain Campbell's Company in 1771 with only one tithable.

James Anderson, Sr. (born 13 Dec. 1757 and died 30 May 1831), a Revolutionary War sergeant from Virginia, married a Hannah Wallace about 1775. One of their sons was named James. That son, James, could easily have been the father of our John N. Anderson.

The Fletcher and Anderson families migrated together from Virginia to Kentucky to Indiana to Illinois to Missouri to Arkansas, and possibly even to Texas. They always show up as close neighbors on the tax rolls and census. The Wallace family was with them through most of that migration also.

We can't find any official record of John N. and Sarah (Tedder) Anderson's marriage. However, they named one of their sons William Wallace (1846). Is that just a coincidence?

*Anyone who wants more information about this family or who has information to share may contact Dwain or Betty Lou Skelton, 28507 219th Street, Easton, KS 66020; telephone - (913) 773-8560.* ❖

**Famous Railroad Personalities of Northwest Arkansas**

# CARL RAYMOND GRAY

*By Tom Duggan*

Carl Raymond Gray moved to Fayetteville in 1875 when his father, a native of Maine, accepted a mathematics teaching position at the Arkansas Industrial University (from 1899 called the University of Arkansas). Carl did not attend the University but hung around the busy Frisco depot on Dickson Street in Fayetteville. He soon learned telegraphy from Agent McNair. Gray joined the Frisco at age sixteen and between 1883 and 1911 rose from station agent/telegrapher to general manager. He then accepted the presidency of the Seattle, Portland, and Spokane and the then Hill controlled Oregon Short Line. In 1912 he became president of the Great Northern Railway. Two years later he became president of the Western Maryland Railway. This eastern coal-hauler had emerged from bankruptcy in 1910 caused by the collapse of the George Gould (son of Jay Gould) empire. Gray spent five years at the Western Maryland's helm.

In December 1917 President Woodrow Wilson took over all railroads in the United States. The problem was that the railroads were unable to respond to increased freight traffic caused by U.S. entry into World War I in April 1917. His control vehicle was called the United States Railroad Administration (USRA). Gray apparently was Wilson's first choice to be director general but in the end the position went to William McAdoo who had earlier served as Secretary of the Treasury. Gray was appointed the director of operation. The USRA had a number of non-railroaders but Gray was the top railroad executive at the USRA. He was responsible for operations on 261,000 miles of track and the two million railroad employees. The creation of the USRA was highly contro-

versial and Gray had his hands full. Gray played an important role in creating the USRA's Lane Commission that granted railroad shop crafts the eight-hour work day.

Gray then left the USRA and joined the Union Pacific Railroad (UP) as president. He was president from 1920 to October 1937. During his long tenure he was responsible for introducing the UP's famous streamliner fleet. The diesel powered streamliners were a tremendous innovation in the early 1930s and began the process that eliminated steam power by the fifties. Gray's streamliners also generated enormous public interest in a way that is hard to imagine from the perspective of today. In an era of autocratic railroad management Gray stood out. He was a person-oriented president interested in the little man. He established the Union Pacific house magazine and encouraged the establishment of company sports teams. Gray also managed the UP through the worst of the Depression. Gray died in Washington, D.C. of a heart attack in 1939. He had maintained an interest in Fayetteville happenings even when he was Union Pacific Railroad president. The young man from Fayetteville left an enduring impression on the Union Pacific Railroad. It is today the largest railroad in Arkansas and in an era of de-regulation has maintained its place as one of the largest and most profitable of America's mega-railroads.

(Editor's Note: Carl R. Gray's father was O. C. Gray, a Confederate soldier and a professor at Arkansas Industrial University from 1875 to 1895. He is buried in Evergreen Cemetery in Fayetteville. Mrs. O. C. Gray taught art at the University and presented a painting of "the University building" [Old Main] to Governor W. R. Miller in 1877. Anyone having information about this earliest painting of Old Main should contact WCHS.) ❖

## Some "Firsts" from the First Edition of FLASHBACK

The following is reprinted from the first edition of *FLASHBACK* (Number 1), published in March 1951.

**Remembers First Broadcast over KFMQ**

In my first letter (Jan. 25) announcing the revival of the Washington County Historical Society, I ran some historical "oddities" down the margin of the letter. One was this item: "Do you know that KFMQ was the first wireless in Arkansas?" This touched a reminiscent vein in Fenner Stice and he came up with this contribution to county and state history: "And do you know who broadcast the first program over KFMQ? Henry Tovey. And do you know who the announcer was? Fenner Stice. It was the first test program and we offered a box of apples free to the person sending in a card or letter from the greatest distance. I think somebody in Colorado got it. The signal was not too plain but it was corrected the next day and listeners began writing in from quite distant points." That's the way history is recorded. Something jogs the memory of someone who knows. He tells what he knows and *FLASHBACK* prints it. And thus it is preserved for those who come after us.

**Television Comes To Me in an Antebellum Setting**

The other evening I sat in the spacious living room of the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Green at 118 E. Dickson Street, and saw my first television show. The reception was perfect and the entertainment–it was a Gay 90's show by Fred Waring and troupe–was delightful.

I well remember my first moving picture, "The Great Train Robbery"—the first movie, they say, that had a connected plot. I saw it in 1904. I remember the first "talkie"—Al Jolson in "The Jazz Singer"– although I had

heard-and-seen several attempts at talking pictures (by means of phonographs behind the screen) before that. I do not remember when I heard my first radio program but it was in the Baron Muenchausen-Joe Penner era. That, of course, was a bit late in life, but I was buried in the hinterlands when radio made its debut.

Comes 1951 and I hear-see my first television show, in a house that was built a hundred years ago! But it wasn't the age of the Green home that made my introduction to TV memorable. In the very room in which I sat in semi-darkness and watched the Zenith's screen, there stalked shadowy figures in Union blue, with epaulets on their shoulders and spurs on their boots and clanking sabers at their side. The TV set stood just a few feet from the door whose splintered panels are mute testimony to the marksmanship of men in Gray – Cabell's cavalrymen who on April 18, 1863, galloped down from East Mountain and attacked the Federal headquarters in this very house.

Fred Waring's glee club was singing "The Rosary". I looked over my shoulder in the darkened room. I wouldn't have been too surprised to see Colonel M. LaRue Harrison, black-bearded and stern. But it wasn't an officer in Blue who sat behind me; it was my genial host, P. R. Green. At his feet lay the big Dalmatian, covering his eyes with a paw, to hide the great technological marvel of the 1950's.

Television came to me in an 1863 setting.

– W. J. Lemke

(Editor's Note: Have you figured out that the Green home above is what we now call Headquarters House? In 1939, P. R. Green. automobile dealer, purchased the house. In 1967, the Washington County Historical Society acquired it to operate as an historic house museum. WCHS also maintains its office there.) ❖

## Another Letter From Johnny Nettleship

*San Luis Obispo, Calif.*
*March 9, 1997*

*Dear Ann Sugg:*

*Thanks for making space for my 1994 letter to Herb Lewis* (page 41, February 1997 *FLASHBACK*). *I didn't know it hadn't been published. In fact, I didn't know anything for quite a while late in 1994. My mention about paying $25 for a two and one-half membership would be a "life membership" almost became true since a short time later I received a five-way heart by-pass. Now at 82 I renewed the membership just in time to read the letter in the February issue and was surprised at the number of people I heard from.*

*But I failed to mention a few of the activities I'm sure a few Fayetteville residents would still remember. My mother, Ione Lake Williams, was born at Maguire's Store (between Fayetteville and Elkins). My dad, Ernest Lape Nettleship, was born in Piqua, Ohio, and was a merchandise broker in Fayetteville for many years. Their family included Wilma Nettleship Basore, Thelma Nettleship Basore, Louis Nettleship, and me. I am the only one still living.*

*My dad was interested in the Rotary Club, Country Club, and County Fair. His efforts with the Fair resulted in a street being named Nettleship between the fairgrounds and the University. However, he was no match for Ione who did everything—usually unexpectedly. She kept a smoking habit a "secret," limited it to the bathroom. We all knew that she smoked but didn't give her that news until she informed us after we were grown. She was a steady contributor to Uncle Walt Lemke's Ozark Moon, a column that was quite a hit with* Daily Democrat *subscribers.*

*In the twenties Lape bought a new Buick. Ione told the Buick dealer that Lape had forgotten to leave her the key. Having observed the driving moves made by Lape, Ione loaded her four children in the vehicle and received much attention*

*with the speeds she tried out. That night we were at the station when Lape stepped off the Frisco and accepted the driver's seat from Ione. On his next trip Lape advised the dealer that he should not unlock the Buick for Ione. There were several new Buicks in Fayetteville and upon finding out that the same key worked on all of them, Ione located a friend and told him that Lape had forgotten to leave her a key. Our second thrilling automobile tour of the town ended that night when we picked Lape up at the station. Ione honked to let Lape know we were there and it startled him to the point that Ione had very little trouble putting on a devilish smile of greeting.*

*Before his next trip, Lape acquired what was known as an "elephant chain" and wrapped the six-foot oval links through the spokes on the front wheel and over the front axle and secured the chain with a large padlock. He left on his trip with the padlock key in his pocket and the car key on their bedroom dresser. The next morning Ione was seen sitting on the ground near the front wheel wielding a large file. After four hours, with a short lunch break, Ione had her brood travelling in the Buick again. When we met Lape at the station he seemed to know that Ione would be there and with a big smile on his face shook his head with an "I give up" expression.*

*Everywhere Ione went she attracted attention. In Bates Grocery Store one day, we went in to get groceries. Baskets of apples, potatoes, and the like were scattered about the store. A well-dressed gentleman was leaning over the apple basket as we entered. We walked down the isle toward the counter and as we passed the man Ione reached out suddenly and pinched him on his rear. The man jumped several feet in the air, upsetting the basket of apples. As her children departed the action quickly, we heard Ione telling the stranger, "I just couldn't help myself." Of course, everyone in the store was laughing.*

*Another story that we have up front in our memory bank came when one of Fayetteville's older citizens was confirmed to her bed due to illness. Ione was curious to see if the woman,*

*who lived in our neighborhood and had an elevator in her home, was really ill. Her maid let us in and led us to the room where the lady was propped up in a large bed with pillows all around. Ione was invited to sit in a straight chair beside the bed. Several bouquets of flowers were in the room and a large basket of mixed fruit was sitting on a table beside Ione. A brief conversation followed and the lady yawned, her mouth wide open. Ione's hand grabbed one of the lemons and put it in the woman's mouth. As usual, she spent several minutes apologizing and saying, "I just don't know what came over me." The maid held her nose high in the air as she ushered us out.*

*(A "name correction" in the 1994 letter was not corrected, I am informed by Santa Barbara member Hosea Lafayette Williams. The correction needed is to change the first name from "Hoses" to "Hosea." His nickname was "Dick" when he and family lived on East Dickson, two houses west of Lemke's home.)*

*Thanks again for the 1994 letter space.*

*Sincerely,*

*Johnny Nettleship*

*P.S.: My name is John Davis Nettleship, but after using "Johnny" for 30 years as sports editor of the San Luis Obispo* Telegram-Tribune, *I prefer Johnny.* ❖

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From the June-July 1951 issue of *FLASHBACK* under "Days of Auld Lang Syne" — "One of the most dramatic scenes in real life ever acted out on the stage of Old Main's chapel was an aftermath of the dismissal of President Henry S. Hartzog. It was graduation morning of the year 1905. The governor was waiting to introduce the new president. Dr. Hartzog arose and denounced the treatment he had received from the Board of Trustees in a philippic that for fearlessness, dignity and sincerity was a veritable classic." ❖

*Larry Allan, 1806 Rutland Avenue, Des Moines, IA 50311-4014* seeks correspondence regarding ROBERT b/g JONES, b. Monroe Co., Iowa 2 Aug 1849, s/o MILTON G. and HELEN (ROBINSON) JONES. d. Washington Co. Ark., Sulpher City, Sept 27, 1927. Children in Ark.: LEON and ?AURIE JONES. Wife, JOSIE (BROWN) JONES survived him. Dau., Mrs. H. A. SMITH, Sulpher City. Other children: ELMER JONES of Tulsa, Okla.; Mrs. INA Z BARR, Ft. Madison, Iowa. and Mrs BERTHA HENDERSON, Carrolton, Mo. Bros-in-law; A. J. and WILL BROWN.

*Lucille Bailey, 9948 Lull St., Burbank, CA 91504-1023* would like any info on ISAAC NEWMAN (1835-1908) and wife LUCINDA KING (1844-1915) first found in 1870 in Todd Co, Ky., 1880 Carroll Co, Ark. Had relatives in Ark. at that time. Children: LUCINDA (1864-1929) md W. A. BAILEY, ISAAC THOMAS (1865-1948) md DEMARES VIOLA HUMBARD, MARY R. (abt 1867), OLLIE J. (1868-1947) md MARION FRANK ATCHLEY, JAMES W. (180-?) md NELLIE SARAH RHODES, MACK HENRY (1871 ?) md LENORA SCOTT, ALLEN WASHINGTON (1874-?) md ELLA BUTLER, GEORGE F. (1875-1903, LULU (abt 1876) md ? FEE, ALEXANDER C. (1878-?) md VICTORIA J. DORRELL, SILAS N. (1879-1881), LAURA C. (1880-?) md ? SEARCY, ZILLIE (1881-?) md VERNA BUTLER, WILSON M. (1884-1962) md MINNIE E. COX.

*Michael Francis, 24051, Oak Park, MI 48237* is looking for information about the parents of JOHN JAMES WALL

(1839-1926) whose wife was LAURA ROGERS (1858-1944). They were married 6 Sep 1881 in Boone Co., Ark. They lived near the town of Springdale and were buried in the Elm Springs Cemetery. I believe JOHN WALL was from Savannah, Ga. I believe he had a brother GEORGE who married JULIA WITCHER sometime in the 1870s either in Arkansas or Georgia. I can't identify these relatives any earlier than the 1880 census in Boone Co., Ark.

*Verla Pinkerton, P. O. Box 1325, Clute, TX 77531* is seeking information about MAURICE WRIGHT. He was in Cane Hill (Boonsboro) from 1830 until his death in 1871. He and his wife, RUTH, are buried in the Cane Hill Cemetery. One of Maurice's daughters, ELIZABETH (nicknamed Lizzie) married ARTHUR T. CROZIER. Arthur was a doctor and is listed in Cincinnati on the 1860 census. ❖

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**From issue number 1 of *FLASHBACK*, March 1951**

"This first issue of *FLASHBACK* is pretty much a one-man job. I just didn't have time to gather material from the many sources that are available. However, I have already made five assignments, on interesting subjects, for future issues. And of course, volunteer contributions will be eagerly welcomed – either short "bits" of local history or longer articles. - W. J. Lemke"

(Not very different in 1997! Still pretty much a one-man job. But "Uncle Walt" would be very surprised by the strides made in the printing and editing processes over the years. Computers are now used to type, transfer, scan, and assemble copy into pages and then have printing plates or negatives made directly from computer copy. During the early years of *FLASHBACK*, pages were printed by mimeograph machine.) ❖

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**From the April 1925 *Arkansas Alumnus:***

"Formal opening of the women's gymnasium building at the University of Arkansas was held Thursday night, March 12. The program was under the direction of Miss Irene Shaley, assistant professor in Physical Education for Women, and Miss Lyna B. Mansfield, instructor. A panomime production entitled 'The Sleeping Beauty' was given by the four classes in natural and folk dancing.

"Although the exterior of the building, which will be finished in stucco, will not be completed until later this spring, class work has begun in the gymnasium. Among the outstanding features of the building are two basketball courts, an indoor baseball diamond, and a volley ball court. A recitation room and offices for the instructors also are provided on the main floor, which is 90 x 60 feet. Fifteen showers, dressing rooms and lockers are provided for students in the basement. A large reserved room in the basement may later be converted into a swimming pool, according to Miss Shaley."

(This building is presently occupied by the University's Army R.O.T.C.) ❖

# Here is the Scoop on the Ice Cream Social

The 27th Annual Washington County Historical Society Ice Cream Social is scheduled for Saturday, August 16, 1997 on the lawn of Headquarters House, 118 East Dickson in Fayetteville. It will once again be a three hours full of family fun, entertainment and, of course, ice cream and cake!

*Come rain or shine!* Our rain location is the covered parking lot at the Court House.

This year's Social will take place from 5:00 p.m. until 8:00 p.m. and will feature musical performances, antique appraisals, antique autos on display, a collectables bazaar, and special historical replica items for sale.

There will be a Barbershop Singing Extravaganza featuring award-winning quartets and an amazing 150-man chorus singing favorite and familiar tunes. There will also be performances by the Toast O' The Ozarks and Sweet Adelines singing groups.

Special items for sale at the Ice Cream Social include old postcards of Arkansas, with emphasis on Northwest Arkansas, attic treasures and collectables, WCHS books, one-of-a-kind used books, and unique miniature plaques featuring replicas of historic buildings.

The price of admission to the Annual Ice Cream Social is only $5 for adults and $2 for children under 12. Included in these modest prices are all the ice cream and homemade cake you can eat, great fellowship, and some very special entertainment.

Proceeds from the event will help maintain Headquarters House and keep it available as a historic museum as a link to the past in Washington County and as a tool to assist in teaching hundreds of school children who tour the house each year.

If you have them, come dressed in your finest 19th Century fashions. The Ice Cream Social is a family event you don't want to miss!

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